

THE Election Magazine;

OR THE *Oxfordshire* REGISTER.

B E I N G

A compleat COLLECTION of all the Pieces in
Prose and Verse lately Published,

In Favour of the

OLD and NEW INTEREST;

And not inserted in any other Collection.

Together with several very CURIOUS and INTERESTING
ORIGINALS never before Printed.

CONTAINING,

- | | |
|--|--|
| I. Six Original Letters, between
J. L. Esq; and the Rev. Mr H. | XI. The truest Blue that never
Stains. |
| II. News Boys, News! or the
Electioneering Journal, No. I. | XII. A Poetical Address to the
Freeholders of Oxfordshire. |
| III. More and more News, or the
Electioneering Journal, No. II. | XIII. Journal of a True Blue
Parson for a Week. |
| IV. The Rump Worthies: Or the
New Interest Supporters in their
true Colours. | XIV. Epigram. |
| V. The Deddington Blues; or the
Rump Rumped. | XV. The Round-head reviv'd. |
| VI. The Chipping Norton Pro-
cession. A Fragment. | XVI. A Health for the True Blues. |
| VII. The Kidlington Canvass;
or the Members in the Mud. | XVII. The Jolly Knight's De-
claration to his Constituents. |
| VIII. A Tale of Chaucer's mo-
derniz'd. Adapted to Pimp L. | XVIII. Litchfield Blues invited to
the Oxford Races. A new Song. |
| IX. A Song for the Freeholders in
the New Interest. | XIX. Answer to the Invitation:
Another new Song. |
| X. The Bear at Oxford to the Lion
at Henley. | XX. To the Honest Electors of
Oxfordshire. A new Christian
Ballad, &c. &c. &c. |

APPENDIX.

XXI. A Hue and Cry after the Greens.

O X F O R D :

Printed for W. OWEN, near Temple-Bar, London; and Sold
by all the Booksellers in Oxford. MDCCCLIII.

Just publish'd in Octavo,

I. **T**HE *Oxfordshire Contest*: Or the Whole Controversy between the *Old* and *New Interest*. Containing, Great Variety of Wit, Humour, and Argument; Letters, Songs, &c. Faithfully and impartially collected; and digested in proper Order. Many of which have been industriously handed about by the Gentlemen of both Sides of the Question; and are now published by particular Desire. Price 1s.

II. The *Old* and *New Interest*: Or a Sequel to the *Oxfordshire Contest*. Being a complete Collection of all the Pieces in Prose and Verse, on either Side of the Question, that have appear'd since the Nomination of the New Candidates. Together with several Originals never before printed: Particularly a Letter from a Lady of Distinction to Lady *Susan Keck*, containing Observations on a Pamphlet entitled *An Address to the Freeholders, &c.* Price 1s.

III. The *Old Interest* Display'd: A *Dialogue* between an *Alderman* and a *Cobler*. Address'd to the Freeholders of *Oxfordshire*. Price 3d.

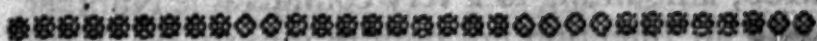
IV. The *New Interest* Display'd; a *Dialogue* between a Curate and a *Cobler*. Part I. Address'd to the Freeholders of *Oxfordshire*. Price 4d.

V. A Letter to the Printer; with a Letter to the Freeholders of *Oxfordshire*. Containing, some few Candid Remarks on a New Pamphlet, intitled, *An Address to the Freeholders of the County of Oxford*. Price 4d.

VI. The *New Interest* Display'd: Or, a Second *Dialogue* between a Curate and a *Cobler*. Address'd to the Freeholders of *Oxfordshire*. Price 4d.



46-12.17.1184



THE
ELECTION MAGAZINE:
OR THE
Oxfordshire REGISTER.

THE following Letters, which passed between the Rev. Mr. *H—k—s*, and *J. L—th—l*, Esq; having been for some Time industriously handed about in Manuscript by the Friends of each Party; they now appear publicly in Print at the particular Instance of several Gentlemen, who think it the only Means of preventing Misrepresentations, and obviating false Reports derogatory to the Honour of those concerned.

LETTER I.

To *J. L—th—l*, Esq;

S I R,

I Was not till lately informed, to my very great Surprise, of a scandalous Report rais'd, or at least spread by Mrs. *L—th—l*, and countenanced by yourself, to the following Effect: That on the Night when Mr. *Ch—n* and myself treated

§ A 2

the

the Freeholders at *Burford*, we had procured a Mob, amounting to a very considerable Number, with an Intention not only to insult Capt. *Burnaby* in the Street, but Men to affright his Horses with Drums, &c. in such a Manner as might have been attended with the most fatal Consequences. As a Report of this Nature is highly injurious to my Character, both as a Gentleman, and a Clergyman, I am obliged in Justice to myself, to insist upon knowing what Authority Mrs. *L—th—l* had for what she has said. An immediate Answer (which I expect) will find me at *Tadmarton* near *Banbury, Oxon.*

I am yours, &c.

Dec. 1753.

W. H—.

To which Mr. *L—l* returned the following Answer.

LETTER II.

S I R,

YOUR very polite Letter came to my Hands, for which I am infinitely obliged to you, it having brought me out of an Error I have so long been under in Relation to you. I do not wonder a Gentleman who has always lived so sober and regular a Life, who is so eminent for his Duty towards his God, and his Loyalty to his Prince, and of so known a Zeal for the

the present Establishment, should shew some Warmth at having those Virtues called in Question, and prophaned by the unhallow'd Lips of the Laity ; but methinks a Person of your great Prudence should have been well assured of the Truth, before you had favoured me with your most civil Mandate, in which you request an immediate Answer ; in Obedience to your all-powerful Commands I send it this first Post.

As I am very confident Mrs. L——/ never heard you either procur'd or paid the Tabor and Pipe, the Drum, or Ballad-Singers, the memorable Night you mention ; whatever you may think (which will be quite indifferent to us) I am persuaded no other Person who knows her will believe she is capable either of inventing or propagating a Falshood, (you with so much good Manners and Civility charge her with) to injure the Character of the meanest Man living : No, Sir, we were too well informed who was the Person to charge you with it, and if you will recollect a Health, that I have undeniable Proof, was propos'd and drank in the Company at the *Bull* that Night, which one Man refus'd and left the Room, I cannot be thought Uncharitable if I believe the Person who began it capable of the Facts you mention, or the greatest Villainy.

Yours, &c.

Dec. 30, 1753.

J. L——.

LETTER III.

S I R,

I Receiv'd yours of the 30th *Dec.* and am really amaz'd to find myself charged with want of good Manners in my last, which I will venture to say was as polite as the occasion of my Writing would possibly admit of. I was to enquire into the Grounds of a scandalous Report, which I did then, and am sorry to say, must still suppose was either rais'd or propagated at your House; and as it was both natural and reasonable for me to insist that an Affair of this Nature should be immediately cleared up, I cannot conceive how I could have express'd myself in Terms more complaisant or less peremptory, than those you seem displeas'd with. You may possibly be skill'd in this (as it may be fairly call'd) New Stile, and know how to acknowledge the Favour of an Injury (and that no common one) with Civility. But I must own, I am not yet Master of this well-bred Hypocrisy; and indeed 'tis plain, upon Occasion, you yourself can depart most grossly from the Rules of good Breeding, as witness the Scurrilities of your Epistle, which I beg may be ballanced against the Unpoliteness of mine: For, Sir, what other Denomination does all that unreasonable Impertinence in your Letters deserve (of which two Thirds are nothing to the Purpose) with which you obliquely asperse my Principles, Political, Moral, and Religious? As to the former, *viz.* my

my political and moral Principles, I hope I need not be ashamed of them, especially as I have Reason to apprehend they are very different from yours; as to the latter, if you mean to reflect upon my Conduct many Years ago 'tis base, if upon my present 'tis scandalous: And I hereby defy you to shew any Thing in my Life or Conversation notoriously inconsistent with my Duty to my God. But to come to the Point; that I am obliged to Mrs. L——/ and yourself (to write politely for once) for the scandalous Report that has occasioned this Correspondence; I must now tell you (for your Memory seems to be as weak as your Judgment) how I came to be assured: Please then to recollect the Conversation that pass'd some Time since between you and *Ned Charasse*. It was then Mr. C——n and myself were charged with a Design of raising a Mob, &c. the Night which your Behaviour (if any Thing) will make memorable. The Substance of the Conversation was not long a Secret perhaps, because *Ned* did not imagine you would have it be. Inform'd therefore of what pass'd, (by Persons I shall at any Time be ready to name) what could I do less than I have done? Or what have you to do but either to declare your Readiness to make me such Satisfaction as I may reasonably and shall demand, or to have recourse to an old Expedient and give yourself the Lye? By Way of obviating this *plain Matter of Fact*, you tell me you are perswaded no other Person who knows Mrs. L——/ will believe she is capable of inventing or propagating,

&c.

&c. To which I cannot help replying, that this is no more than what any Person who thinks proper to revoke his own Words, may easily say, Was I singular in my Opinion, you would wisely be indifferent as to whatever I may think of yours. But sure you must be sensible the World in general will think as I do; (for who will believe *Chavasse* would invent all this himself) and to be regardless of the Sentiments of Mankind upon this or any Occasion, may indeed be a tolerable Proof of your Cunning and Philosophy, but will do very little Credit to your Religion or your Conscience. I shall be at *Burford* the latter End of this Month, where (in Case I hear nothing from you in the mean time) if this Affair is not settled, as I have a Right to insist it should be, I shall at least take all the Satisfaction that the fair Publication of it can give.

Yours, &c. (as before)

W. H—

LETTER IV.

The following was wrote at Burford.

S I R,

I Have been at *Chavasse's* who is not to be seen: Wherever he is he is a—. I am satisfied by Mr. G— that he has recanted; but finding myself charged with Scurrility in my last, I shall be ready at any Time To-morrow Morning

ing to talk this Affair coolly over with you. All Things considered, I think I have no Reason to be ashamed of that Letter, and accordingly shall make it and yours publick to the World, unless you think fit to retract the abovementioned Charge.

Yours, &c.

Jan. 25, 1753.

W. H—.

LETTER V.

S I R,

I Receiv'd your Letter in which you tell me C—*ffe* has recanted; the Expression is no Ways proper or fair to him: He declared before me and Mr. Griffiths, &c. he had never said the Words you charged him with, or that they were spoke in my Family; but as you are desirous to talk with me, if you'll bring Cb—*ffe* with you (who I insist shall be present) I shall be at home To-morrow Morning; if you decline this Interview, and prudently think fit to publish your first Letter to me, my Answer and your Reply with C—*ffe*'s Recantation as you call it, the World will judge whether I was right in my Opinion: You seem to think C—*ffe* will not be seen, but I believe otherwise. My Servant shall call upon him, and desire he will give you the Meeting any Time you shall appoint, between Nine and Eleven, or after Three in the Afternoon.

I am yours, &c.

Jan. 25th, 1753.

§ B.

J. L—.

LETTER VI.

The following was wrote since Mr. H—'s return to Tadmarton, and is the last that has past upon the Occasion.

S I R,

AS it might be thought unnecessary or impertinent to trouble the World with what has past between us; I shall merely upon this Consideration think no more of publishing the Affair: But however, I am so far from wishing it may be dropt or forgot, (all degrees of Malice on each Side excepted) so far from being conscious that I have upon the Whole behav'd with Indecency, or without Foundation; that I desire you would take all Occasions to produce all my Letters, and your own, which you may be assured I shall not fail to do. Before I take my final leave, I cannot help making this general Observation, That next to the Wickedness and Ill-nature of raising a Report to the Prejudice of any Man's Reputation, is the Folly of giving Ear to the Suggestions of Wretches, whose Words are not to be taken. I am, (once more and no more)

Yours, &c.

Feb. 6th, 1753.

W. H—

News Boys, News!

OR THE
Electioneering JOURNAL.

NUMBER I.

By an IMPARTIAL HAND.

SHIP-NEWS.

Deal, April 4. Wind W. S. W, This Morning pass'd by the Mary Galley, Thomson; and the Brothers, Williams; with Wine for Oxfordshire.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Rome, March 17. N. S.

Yesterday an Express arrived at this City with an Account of the certain Prospect of Success the OLD INTEREST had in the County of Oxford; upon which there were great Rejoicings: His HOLINESS immediately call'd a Consistory, and having enquired into the Particulars, and heard the Names of the Candidates, he express'd himself in the following Manner, "*The OLD INTEREST and OLD RELIGION are nearly connected; I remember one of the CANDIDATES well; He is my very good Friend, and has kiss'd my Toe.*" He then disposed of eight Vacancies in the College of CARDINALS, and declared he would reserve the remaining Hats till after the Election; the Day was concluded with Bonfires and Illuminations in the same Manner as on the Day of JUBILEE; and this Morning great Quantities of Indulgencies, Pardons, and Dispensations were sign'd, and dispatch'd to His Holiness's Friends in ENGLAND

for Oaths taken with a Design to break them, for Rebellion, Drunkenness, Hypocrisy and several other little venial Offences.

Florence, March 19. N. S. This Morning the Young Chevalier left this Place with great Precipitation; it is conjectured he is gone for ENGLAND, with a Design to stand for the County of Oxford; where it is thought that either of the Candidates (notwithstanding their boasted Resolution) will readily decline for the Sake of so OLD a FRIEND.

Paris, March 24. N. S. By Letters this Day from England, we hear that Affairs in Oxfordshire have taken a sudden Turn, and that Milord Venman and Chevalier Dashwood are like to lose their Election. This News was received in a very different Manner by the different Parties in this Nation. The King and Clergy seem'd in the utmost Concern; and His Majesty, upon hearing that the Tories were almost destroy'd, said at his Levee to the DAUPHIN, "If you or I, my Son, were to lose our KINGDOMS, as in the Year 1713, where shall we now find another Set of so good Friends in ENGLAND as to RESTORE them again to us?" The KING then ask'd, "Who it was that had done his Friends this Mischief?" He was answer'd, it was the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH; at that Name His MAJESTY trembled, and immediately fell into a Sort of fainting Disorder, of which he is not yet recovered. On the Contrary the Laity and Parliament (which is the NEW INTEREST of the French Nation) express'd their Joy at the Success; and Mons. le premier President declar'd, "That the French Parliament ought to imitate the ENGLISH SPIRIT on this Occasion, since their Interests were the same, for they both acted in Opposition to PAPAL TYRANNY, and in support of the LIBERTIES of the PEOPLE."

Oporto, March 13. We have fresh Accounts of the Oxfordshire Election brought every Day to this City;

City; and the Prodigious Increase in the *Exportation* of our *Wines* plainly proves to us how *vigorously* Measures are there transacted. We wait with the utmost Impatience for farther Particulars in this Affair; as this City is highly concern'd for the Success of the *Old Interest*, since *That* has always been a *Friend* to *Oporto*.

Madrid, Vienna, Dresden, Hague, Berlin, Stockholm, Copenhagen, and Petersburgh. We do not publish the several Informations we have received from our *Correspondents* at the *above Cities*, as they are all to the same Purpose, and bring nothing new or particular in them: We can however assure our Readers, that we have very exact Correspondence at each of those Places. They all in general seem to wonder, *who these TRUE BLUES are?* And we do not find, that any one seems to know much of them, except a *Spanish Jesuit*, that once served a *Roman Catholick Family* in *England*, and a *Dutch Merchant* that has run for them at several Times great Quantities of *Lemons, Oranges, Sugar and Brandy*; for, as one of our Letters expresses it, "*I do not remember to have heard the Names of any of these Gentlemen in the Armies of the DUKES of CUMBERLAND and MARLBOROUGH; and I am sure they cannot be People of much Consequence, for your Nation has never employ'd them in any Places of Trust since my Remembrance.*"

DOMESTICK NEWS.

On Wednesday and Thursday last there was a great Meeting of the Gentlemen of this County at *Woodstock*, the greatest Part of whom are allowed, to have served for many Years their *King* with Zeal, and their *Country* with Fidelity; notwithstanding which, there was not one *Honest Man* among Them.

Yesterday arrived at this City the Statue of our worthy

worthy Member Tho. R—w—y, Esq; it was met at the East Gate by the *Mayor and Corporation* in their Formalities; where the Mayor made a very elegant Speech on the Occasion. This excellent Piece of Sculpture (which is allowed by all to bear the strongest Resemblance to the Original) is a *little, round, laughing Figure*, with a *Bottle* in one *Hand*, and a *Glass* in the *other*; and the *Pedestal*, which is carved in the Shape of a *Cask*, serves very well to support two *short Legs* that hang on each side of it; it was attended by a vast concourse of People up the High Street, with Shouts and Acclamations, all admiring its Likeness, and some even taking it for the very Person it *represented*: After this it was lodged in a Room adjoining to the Town Hall; from whence it will soon be removed to the *Niche*, that is prepared for it.

A few Days ago the *Custom-House Officers* seized a *Puncheon* of Rum, that was carrying down to the House of a *Noble Irish Lord*, that lives at C—ff—l in Oxfordshire; so that the World may be assured, that there will be no *House-keeping* at his Lordship's Seat this Summer, as was before *intended*.

We hear that a *certain True Blue Candidate* has found a Way of *disposing* of the Birmingham Halfpence, which have of late been so much complain'd of, having in the *Bounty* of his *Heart dispersed* them among His Friends in the North of Oxfordshire; on which a Witty Country Fellow could not help making the following Comparison, "*that they were like the* GIVER *of them FALSE, BASE, without true ME-* TAL, *and that they pretended by their OUTSIDE to* belong *to a PRINCE, to whom in reality they were* DISGUISED ENEMIES *and bore no Connection.*"

It is reported that L—d W—n—n and Sir J—s D—ff—d paid a visit lately to one of their *Antagonists*;

nists; which the World has conjectured to have been with a Desire of Accommodation.

And on Tuesday last the above Gentlemen with T—R—y, Esq; went to the Parliament House and opposed the Court very violently, but made *no Speeches*; at Night they got *drunk*, and made a *great many*.

As the Old Interest has been for many Years on the *decline* in this County, we hear that many Marriages are on foot to mend the Breed, and increase the Number of the True-Blues.

On Thursday last N—s B—rt—e, Esq; was suddenly taken *Speechless*; and was soon after thought to be *Dead*; but the next Morning He came to *Life* again, to the *inexpressible Joy* of all his Acquaintance. It is observed that this Gentleman is subject to be *taken* in this Manner, but always recovers again the next Morning.

A certain Gentleman, whose Name is not unlike the Word *Billingsgate*, and whose *Character* entirely *answers to it*, is appointed Poet Laureat to the Old Interest.

A few Days ago an odd Affair happened at Baliol College in this City, a Gentleman of the Old Interest, who had often heard his Antagonists call'd Birds of Prey, Owls, Rooks, &c. unfortunately understood the Words in their common Acceptation, and having spied some innocent Birds of the latter Sort that took up their Habitation not far from him, he attack'd them as his Enemies, fir'd on them, killed a great many, and almost unlodged the whole Colony, till a Friend of theirs, having heard of their Misfortune, came and rectified the Gentleman in his Mistake, and something calmed his *choleric Disposition*.

We hear that a young Gentleman of *Bampton* has been recommended into the F—h Service by certain Persons for his steady Zeal in their *Cause* and *Interest*; so that we find that it is not one set of Men only

only that would be *Courtiers*, if they could; and that each Party have certain Ways of providing for those who are attached to them.

Old and New Interest Stocks.

Bampton Hundred, Old Interest 100 and a half one fourth. Ditto, New Interest 350. Chadlington Hund. Old Interest, 200. Ditto, New Interest 325. Banbury and Bloxham Hund. Old Interest from 320 to 350. Ditto, New Interest, 410 to 415. Bullington Hund. Old Interest 307. Ditto, New Interest, 290. Dorchester Hund. Old Interest no Price. Ditto, New Interest 337. Plowlee Hund. Old Interest 200. Ditto, New Interest 190. Pirton Hund. Old Interest nothing done. Ditto, New Interest 349 to 60. Thame Hund. Old Interest, 200. Ditto, New Interest, 173. Wootton Hund. Old Interest, 300. Ditto, New Interest, 429 and three Fourths. Ewelme Hund. Old Interest, 175. Ditto New, 200.

Advertisements.

To be S O L D,

At the Enstone *WAREHOUSE*,

OLD INTEREST PUNCH at the lowest Prices, being the Remnant of a late Entertainment, all bottled up and preserved with the utmost Care, the Seal of the Maker being fixed on each Bottle.

To-Morrow will be publish'd,

CALLIPÆDIA; Or, the Art of getting fine Children. Edition the third. Humbly Inscrib'd to the Right Hon. the Earl of *L—f—d* and the Honourable *Robert Lee*, Esq;

Printed for M. Cooper.

This

This Day is publish'd,

A Full and true Account of all the True Blues that have been, are now, or ever will be; giving a particular History of the most minute Transactions of their Lives, and shewing in what Manner they have always served their King and Country: Particularly how they served their Old Friend, in 1715, and how they did not serve Him in 1746.

They drink, and drink, and drink—What then?

They're drunk, and drunk, and drunk again.

Printed for M. Cooper.

In the P R E S S,

And speedily will be published,

KILLING no MURDER,

A TRAGEDY.

As it was acted at BENSON.

By the Honourable Mr. W—N—N.

Printed for W. Dodsley.

Next Week will be publish'd,

A DISCOURSE in which it will be prov'd to a Demonstration, that *Passive Obedience* means *Resistance*; that a *Love for Popery* implies an Affection to the *Reformation*; and that to assist the Family of the S—ts is the only Way of securing the Protestant Succession.

By a TRUE BLUE PARSON.

Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhyme.

Printed for J. Rivington, St. Paul's Church Yard.

This Day is publish'd,

ESSAYS Moral and Political, being the Substance of many Lectures on Poetry, and communicated now to the World in a Series of Letters to John L—n—l, Esq;

By Pegg H—k—ns.

Printed for Sackville Parker. 1753.

Very soon will be publish'd,

The ART of DEFENCE, A

OR THE

True Use of a Sword, a Poem.

Address'd to the Honourable N—— B——, Esq; and
Sir J—— D——, Bart.

Propria quæ maribus.

Printed for Tho. Osborne.

Oxford, April 9.—

WHereas many of the Freeholders, that at first enlisted themselves in the Regiment of True-Blues, have of late deserted from that Corps, whereby it's Ranks are so extremely *thin'd*, that it is fear'd they cannot *stand their Ground* much longer: As therefore they are desirous of retrieving their sinking Interest (if possible) from it's present imminent Danger; they here declare in this public manner, that they are resolv'd to use the utmost Rigour of *Electioneering Discipline* on those, who already have, or shall for the future *desert* from them, that is, they will never love them as Neighbours, *employ* them as Tradesmen, or be *civil* to them as Gentlemen, but intend to *Kick, Cuff, turn off, and abuse* all that dare to appear against them; and as an Instance of what they intend to do against all their other Enemies, they here publish one *Specimen* of their Severity, intending by that to strike a Terror into others.

Broome Witts, *Tradesman* deserted in August last from the Regiment of True Blues, and the Company of the Honourable *Will. Wimble* then as well as now quartered at Chipping-Norton, upon which the said *William Wimble* having summon'd him to return to his Company, and he positively refusing so to do, the said Broome Witts was ordered to *starve*, his Wife and seven Children were ordered to *starve* with Him; as he would not vote for us, we resolv'd he should not *live* to vote against us, and as far as lay in our Power, we have since then put the said Sentence in Execution. Let those tremble now that dare to deny us,

Witness our Hand

WILLIAM WIMBLE.

Oxford, April 6, 1753.

ON Saturday the 14th Instant, between the Hours of Twelve and One, will be held at the Town-Hall in this City,

A S A L E

Of great Part of the Goods, Moveables and Immoveables belonging to the Interest, commonly call'd the Old Interest of this County; which being through late Misfortunes almost reduced to a State of Bankruptcy, is obliged to dispose of its most valuable Curiosities, among which will be the following Particulars:

Imprimis, Great Variety of *Flags, Colours, &c.* with the important Names of *Liberty, Property, and Independency* painted on them; Words of the highest Consequence to a declining Interest, and full as applicable to any other Cause as that they were employed in.

Item, A Candidate, an *Original, bigger than the Life*: This Piece was first begun in England; but being soon carried over to Rome, was there so entirely altered, that the Taste of it now is wholly *Italian*.

Item, Another Candidate, being the *Copy* of an *Original* some Time ago in the Custody of the late Sir Robert Dashwood: This is a convenient Piece, and may be put up either here or there, and will stand wherever you please to have it.

Item, A KING, in whose Service the Proprietors having most loyally exhausted Oceans of Punch and Tons of Oporto, they cannot possibly afford to be his Subjects any longer: If then there is any Nation that is desirous of purchasing a Monarch of so contented a Disposition, as to require no other Service but that of having his Name frequently mentioned over a Bumper, they may meet with one here entirely fitted for their Purpose, and as an Encouragement to the Buyer, the whole Royal Family shall be flung into the Bargain.

N. B. His Majesty may be seen every Hour till the Day of Sale at St. Peter's at Rome; or the Picture of Him at the House of every TRUE BLUE either in Town or Country.

O X F O R D,

April 10, 1753. *Although we are not possess'd of a LION, (as our great Predecessor the Spectator was) to receive the various Productions, that may be offer'd to Us; Yet we have procured a very worthy BEAR of this City, who will act the Part of the LION, and swallow any Witty Morfel that shall be thrown to Him: Where Advertisements of Wit and Humour will be taken in for nothing, and all Letters directed to the Authors of this Paper (the Postage being first paid) will be thankfully acknowledged.*

N. B. As this last Advertisment has been sup-
posed to have been placed here without the Authors
having any real Design of receiving Letters or Ad-
vertisements; This is to acquaint the Public, that Mr
Bew has Orders to receive all Letters or Advertis-
ments that may be sent to him: And the Authors
will be obliged to any Person that will favour them
with their Assistance in carrying on this Paper.

NEWS,

O X F O R D,

NEWS, Boys, NEWS!

More and more NEWS!

O R,

The ELECTIONEERING JOURNAL with
Improvements.

Wednesday, April 25, 1753. Numb. II.

By an IMPARTIAL HAND.

N. B. *We ought to apologize to the Public for the many gross Falshoods and Misrepresentations, which we were so unfortunate as to communicate in our former Paper. But we hope it will be excus'd from the Suddenness of our Design, and our not having, at that Time, settled a Correspondence with our best Friends. We shall make it our Endeavour to deserve better of our Readers for the future.*

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Constantinople, March 31.

Notwithstanding the general Distaste, which the Christian Nations have hitherto affected to entertain, for our Eastern Politics and Forms of Government; we are now assur'd that one of the inland Provinces, of a certain Country in the *North-West of Europe*, is already begun to be modell'd according

according to the *Turkish System*. It is said, that the *Bashaws* from the Court have already held a *Divan*, in the chief Town of that Province, and have taken the whole Disposition of Affairs to themselves, which us'd to be in the Hands of the People. We hear likewise, that the Plan of our Establishments of *Spahis* and *Janizaries* hath been transmitted thither, and that the new *Corps* to be rais'd upon it is to be cloath'd in an Uniform of *Green* trimm'd with *Gold*.

The following is a more authentic Account, of the Manner in which the last News from Oxfordshire was receiv'd at the Court of Versailles, than what we were enabled to give in our last Journal.

Paris, April 16. *Madame de Pompadour*, who is the Lady S—— K—— of this Court, and who hath lately enter'd into a Correspondence with that *Political Heroine*, produc'd, some Days ago, a Letter from her, which was read before the *King* and *Dauphin*, giving a long and particular Account of the Progress which what they call the *New Interest* hath lately made in *Oxfordshire*. It concluded with large Encomiums on the D—— of M——, L——d H——t, and many other Worthies of that Clan. His serene Highness the *Dauphin* (who not being very clear-sighted is apt to take Things in a wrong Light) seem'd a little disturb'd at hearing the Name of a D—— of M—— mention'd with any Marks of Power and Distinction. The King, observing this, took the Opportunity of rectifying his Highness's Sentiments on this Subject, and said to him: "My Son, be not
 "uneasy at such Reports as these. Let them suc-
 "ceed in their Endeavours if they can. Their Suc-
 "cess cannot hurt Us. The Crown of France hath
 "nothing to fear from the present ——— of ———
 "and his Associates. For those who are engag'd in
 "de-

“ destroying the Liberties of their own Country, will
 “ never have Leisure or Inclination to attend to the
 “ Preservation of those of Europe ; and will, there-
 “ fore, give us no Interruption in our Career to-
 “ wards universal Monarchy.”

Hague, April 17. The Politicians of this Place are much at a loss to guess who that — of — shou'd be, who figures in, and is at the Head of the *New Interest* in *Oxfordshire*. The Man, say they, who hath usurp'd upon the Rights of the People, by debarring them the use of their *public Roads*, can never be the Descendant of him, who, towards the Beginning of this Century, *laid open the Way* for the Allied Army to the Gates of Paris. It is not probable, say the same People, that one who hath forfeited, by his Follies, the Management of his own Estate, and hath been remarkable for his *Servility* and *Ministerial* Dependence, shou'd have the Effrontery to set himself at the Head of a Party, under the Pretence of defending the Liberty of a County. “ If it
 “ shou'd be such an one (said an old English Lieute-
 “ nant, at the Close of one of these Conversations)
 “ what Sort of Liberty must that be, which hath such
 “ Sl—s for its Protectors?”

Berlin, April 12. It is confidently affirm'd here that the *Sieur Bl—ck—ll*, who came to this Court some Years since, in order to *learn Politicks*, and was allow'd by every one to have gone back full as wise as he came ; hath, to try his Hand, undertaken a Share of the Management of the *New Interest* in *Oxfordshire*. We hear, however, that he complains much of the Untractableness of his Materials, and begins to think it impossible for the greatest Genius to make any considerable Figure in so weak a Cause.

The *MAILS* from *Rome* and *Geneva*, which are likely to be our chief Marts for *New Interest Intelligence*, are not yet arriv'd.

SHIP NEWS.

The *Downs*, April 19. Passed by here, from a very successful Voyage, the *Old Interest* Brigantine, with her blue Flag display'd, on which the British Cross is painted, her Streamers flying, and all her Crew in high Spirits. She is a fine Ship, and rides well before the Wind.

Folly Bridge, April 21. Lately drove in here the *New Interest* Snow, VAN RUMP Commander. She hath been some Months out at Sea, and bound, on the Trade of the Company, to Fort St. George; but, by Distress of Weather, adverse Winds and other Accidents, was not able to make the *Cape of good Hope*. The Sailors give very different Accounts of the chief Causes of her Misfortunes. Some say she was a leaky, rotten Vessel, and well nigh foundered before she got out of the River. Others, that she was badly officer'd and not above half mann'd; whilst the greater Part of them lay the Blame on a *forward, pragmatical Pilot*, who undertook an Office, for the Execution of which he was neither furnish'd with Sense, nor Honesty. What made the Matter still worse, they say, was that in any Difficulty he frequently suffer'd himself to be directed by a little officious *Parson*, whom, by his Interest, he had introduced into the Ship by way of Chaplain. Be that as it will, the poor Fellow seems extremely dejected upon the Affair, and was found the other Day, standing under a Tree, with a Prayer-Book in his Hand and a Halter in his Pocket; whilst his Adviser, the *little Doctor*, who prates, and puns, and quibbles, as if nothing had happen'd, was drinking Flip at an *Ale-house*, with the common Sailors. — It is said, that this is the same Pilot, who, some time past, undertook the Steerage of the *Bedwin*, the *Oxford*, and the *Alfred*; in every one of which he was either run aground, or overset.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

We hear from several Parts of the Country, that *Parker's Ephemeris* hath, for some time past, been hawk'd about in many Towns and Villages, but with little Success. The Venders of this Commodity talk much of its *Dominical Letter* and *Golden Number*. But those, who have carefully inspected it, affirm that, in every other *Calculation*, it falls far short of the true *Old Stile Oxford Almanack*; and, particularly, that it takes no Notice of an *Eclipse*, that will soon greatly affect some Part of this County, and will be total in the *Meridians* of *Sb——ne* and *Am——sden*.

At a Meeting lately held by the Gentlemen of the *New Interest*, it was propos'd to consider of some Method of retaliating the Barbarity of the *Old Interest Party* in their projected Murder of poor Mr. *Broome Witts*, his Wife, and seven starving Children. After a very short Debate, it was agreed that the withdrawing *their* Custom from any *Old Interest* Freeholders cou'd, by no Means, answer this Purpose; especially as that cou'd not be done, with any Decency, without paying off the *old Scores*. It was determin'd, therefore, as the *surer* and *most convenient* Method, not only to deal on with them, but to turn as much *New Interest Business* as possible into the same Channel. And

We hear, that, in pursuance of the foregoing Resolution, Lady *S——K——* sent the next Day for a very honest *Old Interest* Apothecary of *Deddington*, inlisted him into her Service, and is barbarously determin'd to introduce him to the Families of all her Acquaintance.

We can assure the Publick that there is no Foundation for that *scandalous* Report which prevail'd lately of Sir *E——T——r's* entertaining a great

Number of Freeholders at his *own Table* at Am—*den*. It is well known that the Gentlemen of the *New Interest* have long ago distinguish'd that Set of Men by the Stile and Title of *Brutes of the County*, and wou'd therefore hold it an *Abomination* to sit and eat with them. Accordingly the few Freeholders, who attended that Entertainment, were dismiss'd to an Ale-house in the Parish, whilst the Nobility, and the two worthy Candidates feasted themselves with great Composure, and without any Molestation from the obstreperous Voices of that *rough Race of Mortals*. It is said that the Land-Tax for the next Year will be four Shillings in the Pound, in order to defray the Expences of the *Oxfordshire Election*.

They write from *Watlington* in this County, that on the first of this Month a *Cuckow* was seen in that Neighbourhood, which being much earlier than the usual Time of that Bird's Appearance, is taken by *some Wits* of that Part of the World as a strong Argument in favour of the *New Style*. 'Tis said, it went off the next Day towards *Deddington*.

We hear that a celebrated Poetess, who is justly call'd the *Sappho of Oxford*, is preparing an Elegy on the soon expected Death of the *New Interest*.

S T O C K S.

New Interest Stock, Nothing done. Old Interest, 2550. Woodstock Bills, payable 21 Months after Date, 15 per Cent. disc. Freeholds, on Exeter Change, 52, 1 half. Undrawn-Ale-Tickets, ditto, 2 and 1 tenth. New Interest Insurance, No Price. Ditto, Assurance, 500 above par.

The New Interest Weekly Bill.

Chriftened ——— 0000

Buried ——— 1753.

Whereof have died.

Consumption — — —	}	12 Barrels of Small Beer
		at Am—f—n.
Falling Sickness — — —		The whole Interest.
Jaundice, yellow — — —		Dr. The. L—gh.
Ditto, black — — —		Dr. Tho. P—o.
Itch (of Scribling) — — —		Mr. Br—y.
Miscarriage — — —		Lady Sue.
Mortification — — —		Sir E— T—r.
Night Mare — — —		Mr. K—k.
Stillborn — — —		L—d P—k—r.
Stone — — —		L—d H—r—t.
Vertigo — — —		D. of M.
Whipt to Death — — —		A Widow near Bicefter.

Decreas'd in the Interest this Week 666.

Advertisements.

WANTS a PLACE.

A Young Man, just come into the Country, who has lost all his Friends, and wou'd now be glad to *turn* his Hand to *any Thing*. He has been us'd to draw Warrants, but not *strong Beer*; he can write two Letters at once, or one with two Meanings; can trim very dexterously; and wou'd be extremely willing to go of Errands, as he has been backwards and forwards at almost every Borough in the Country. He may be heard of at Am—f—den, or of Dr. L. near Bocardo, who will give him any Character that is requir'd.

A SPITTAL SERMON.

WILL be preach'd this Day, by the Rev. Dr. C—ff—t at the Parish-Church of St. Clement, for the Benefit of Broome Witts, and his *distress'd* Family, as well as for all the other Tradesmen who have been kick'd, cuff'd and turn'd off by the Old Interest Supporters.

N. B. The charitable Contributors are desir'd to examine their Copper before they come to Church, as no Birmingham Half-pence will be taken.

By the Desire of several Persons of QUALITY,

At the Duke's Theatre in Bear-Lane,

Every Day during the Easter Holidays, will be presented a COMEDY, call'd

The Canvassing Couple;

OR

A Trip to the House of C-----ns.

The Part of Colonel Standard by the D. of M.

Sir Harry Wildair by Mr Bl—k—ll.

Beau Clincher by Mr L—nt—l.

Young Clincher by L—d P—r.

Alderman Smugler by Sam. W—l—t, Esq;

Dicky by Mr K—k.

Tom Errand by Mr J—nk—n.

Lady Lurewell by Lady S—K—

And the Part of *Vizard* to be perform'd by Sir E. T.

To which, by particular Desire, will be added,

A new *Pantomime Entertainment*, call'd,

HARLEQUIN SORCERER.

The Part of *Harlequin Sorcerer* by L—d M—c—d.

Pierrot by Mr Bl—s.

With scenes, machines, and other decorations.

Particularly, a new Scene, in the Gothic Taste, design'd by Mr M—ll—r.

 *Nothing less than the full Price will be taken during the whole Time of Performance.*

OXFORD

OXFORD RACE.

A Match will soon be run between the two noted Horses **OLD INTEREST** and **NEW INTEREST** for 20,000 *l.* a Side, both having been in Sweats for some Time. **OLD INTEREST** was got by *Old Sterling*, his Sire by *Cavalier*, and his Grandfire by *Old England*. His Dam was an old thoroughbred Mare called *Honesty*, got by *True Blue* out of King Charles's favourite *Church of England* Mare. **NEW INTEREST** was got by the *Flying Whig* out of Lady S. Kirk's *Amazon*, his Sire by *Rumper*, and his Grandfire by *Old Nail*. **OLD INTEREST** has won the Freeholder's Plate for many Years, in this and all the neighbouring Counties. He distanced **NEW INTEREST** at *Northampton*, and was beat by half a Length at *Westminster*, where the Clerk of the Course played Booby. Great Sums are depending upon this Match, but the Odds are very much in favour of **OLD INTEREST**, **NEW INTEREST** having lately fallen down upon *Henley Course*, and though his Rider insists he was never out of the Saddle, yet he continues so weak, that another Boy has been, with Difficulty, got to help ride him. To ballance this, the Day of starting will be fix'd by the Owners of **NEW INTEREST**, and then farther Particulars shall be advertis'd in this Paper.

OXFORD, to wit. **W**Hereas it hath pleased the High and Mighty Powers of the **NEW INTEREST** to constitute and appoint us *general Inquisitors and supreme Judges* of the Right of Voting of all his Majesty's Subjects within this County, and whereas, in Virtue of the said Power, we did, some Time since, summon *Alexander Coffer* of the Parish of *St. Peter* in the East, (who, we have great Reason to believe, doth not intend to vote as he ought at the next Election) to produce unto us all *Wills, Deeds, Leases, &c.* whereby he doth or may claim any Right of voting at all, which Precept of ours he did most obstinately and rebelliously refuse to comply with, Now we, taking into our serious Consideration the dangerous Consequences of such Refusal, do hereby publicly and peremptorily charge and command him the said *Alexander Coffer*, on Pain of our utmost Displeasure and the *Anathema* of our whole Party, to
appear

appear before us with the said *Wills, Deeds, Leases &c.* and furthermore to answer to all such Interrogatories as we shall put to him, on the 29th of this Instant, at our Office at the *Split-Crow* in the *High-Street*, between the Hours of *Ten* and *Twelve* in the Forenoon. Given at our said Office this present *Friday* the 20th Day of *April* 1753.

TIMOTHY BOOTS.

CORNELIUS GOOSEQUILL.

Speedily will be publish'd,

TWO short ESSAYS: The first sheweth that Estates may or may not be Freeholds, according as the Possessors may be inclin'd to vote for the *New* or *Old Interest*. By Toby Vellum, Attorney at Law at Woodstock.

The second Essay, sets forth the Method of taking away Estates, and consequently setting aside the Votes, of such as are not in the same Interest with the Author.

N. B. This is a posthumous Work, by J. Good—gh, late Captain in the *New Interest*, and who was unfortunately kill'd in the *Battle of Benson*.

Printed for M. COOPER.

Strayed, out of the Bear Inn,

TWO young Puppies; one of them motley, and of the Lurcher kind, and answers to the Name of *Teddy*: The other of the Dutch Mastiff Breed with a *Star* upon his Nose, but has *no Name* at all. They will both of them fetch and carry. *Teddy* can do nothing else; but the other has a Propensity to *Hunt*, can jump over a *Stile*, and will yelp all Night long at the *Moon* in a Pail of Water. They were seen in Company with an old black Spaniel, called *Twister*, who, it is suppos'd, has led them both (or at least *Teddy*) a rambling all over the Country. Whoever will lock up both or either of the Puppies, or hang up the black Dog, shall be thankfully rewarded for his Trouble.

This

This is to give Notice,

TO all wandering Jews, but principally those of the Tribe of *Issachar*, that, as soon as they are *naturalized*, they may be immediately furnish'd with Freeholds in the County of *Oxford* at reasonable Rates, by applying in Town to Mr. *Butcher* near *Bloomsbury Market*, and, in the Country, to Mr. *Wryface* at *Woodstock*. — Rabbits *H—t* and *Br—n* will attend to draw the Writings in *Hebrew*.

N. B. *Gideon* hath already contracted for 5000*l.* a Year.

For the Benefit of the PUBLICK,

IS prepar'd the only true, genuine, and highly rectified SPIRIT of *Liberty and Independency*, the most safe and effectual Cure (under God) for the FOUL DISEASE of *Bribery and Corruption*, which is so dreadfully pernicious to the Constitution, that in the Space of a few Minutes it will render the Patient deaf, blind, and speechless. This noble Catholicon, when skilfully and honestly administer'd, hath never once fail'd of Success. A few of the principal Cures are as follow:

1. A Noble Earl, about thirty Years ago, was crufted all over with this loathsome Distemper, and had withal an Appetite so truly canine that he devour'd all the Bread of a Multitude of Orphans to whom he was Guardian. But this Medicine was at last administred to him by the King's Physicians, and had such immediate Effect on his Stomach, that it brought up a large *Silver Seal* that he had pouched, and no less than THIRTY THOUSAND POUNDS of *yellow Filth*, which made him very quiet and easy. But this Disorder being apt to run in the Blood, and the Noble Lord's Son and Grandson having lately shewn infallible Syptoms of their being infected with this hereditary Evil, it is agreed to put them under a like Regimen, and there is no Doubt but the same Discipline will have the same Effect.
2. Mr *Bedwin* of *Wiltshire* was spotted all over like a Leopard with this contagious Disorder, in the Summer of the Year 1747; but in the Winter following a Consultation of

of Physicians being held, they *unanimously* agreed to give him this sovereign Remedy, which made him instantly void a little wriggling Worm with two Faces and no Head, and afforded him great Relief for some Time.

3. The old *Widow Alfred*, last January was two Years, fell into the Hands of an ignorant Quack, one LEIGH, who advis'd her to inoculate this Disorder, and offer'd to provide her with Lodgings in *FRIAR'S Entry*: Which she refusing to submit to, he attempted to inoculate her by Force, and actually convey'd some of the Poison into her Veins. But the good Lady being of an excellent Constitution, and having from her Cradle taken this Medicine regularly, the Distemper only appear'd in a few *Scarlet Spots*, with purulent *Heads*, which soon turn'd to Scabs and died off, and the old Gentlewoman continues in an admirable State of Health.

This Medicine may be had *Gratis* at *Tame-Park*, *Kirtleton*, *Ditchley*, *Rycot*, the *Town-hall* at *Oxford*, and at every *Parish* in the *County*.

Beware of Counterfeits, particularly a poisonous Compound made by the *Druggists* at *Woodstock*, which will infallibly bring on the Distemper.

O X F O R D,

We think proper to inform our Readers, that from henceforth we disclaim all Correspondence with, or by Means of, any *Bear*, *Lion*, or any other *Beast* whatsoever, either of *Prey* or *Burden*. We pursue the Cause of *Truth* and *Liberty*, and, we trust, we shall always have *Wit* and *Humour* enough, of our own, at hand to recommend it.

The Mr. Henry of Windsor was seated all over the Leeward with this contagious Disorder, in the Summer of the Year 1747; but in the Winter following a Contagion

The Rump-Worthies:

OR THE

New-Interest Supporters in their true Colours.

By an honest Freeholder.

FIRST in the Rank a D—— behold,
Of flimsy, ductile, passive mould,
Soft to all Court-Directions;
His bankrupt Fortune to redeem
He surely takes the *wisest* Scheme,
To plunge into Elections!

Next comes that civil, *well-known* Lord,
Chief Figure at each *Calves-head Board*,
Alas! how hard his Fate is!
Fv'n blundering B——d's Dupe and Sport,
His *Tale* despis'd, kick'd out at Court,
To serve Corruption *gratis*.

Lost to all Sense of Honour's Laws,
The WANDERING KNIGHT *resumes* his Cause,
With *mean Evasion* dirtied;
O foremost of the *bribing* Race,
Remember *Bedwin's* foul Disgrace,
By all Mankind deserted.

Yet who hath *conjur'd up* that Elf,
That Counterpart of *Teddy's* Self,
Of despicable Feature?

§ E

Abortive

Abortive Offspring of *the Stars*,
 With how much harmless Rage it glares;
 A *Lordling*, or a *Meteor*:

But who is he of lower Note?
 Oh! that is *gambling* H——d of C——te,
 With *private* Malice burning;
 Come *Sportsman*, since a Bet you chuse,
 I'll venture Five to Two you lose ——
 But bar all *false Returning*.

See L——l comes; with black Design
 The *Justice* and the *Rumper* join,
 To maul the *Burford Tories*:
 Whilst Hen-peck'd K——k, of Duns afraid,
 Sneaks in to give his feeble Aid,
 In twenty *lying Stories*.

But what, the Devil, *gallops* there——
 Of lewd, pert, peevish, witling Air?
 A Female? if you chuse one.
 Hail! *Patronefs* right Antiblue!
 Hail! *Guardian-Goddefs* of the Crew!
 Most *gallant* Lady S——n.

Yet ne'er shall this detested Tribe
 Our Rights usurp, or Virtue bribe;
 (Thro' every Town we'll sound it)
 To WENMAN and to DASHWOOD true,
 We'll Freedom's glorious Cause pursue,
 'Till full Success hath crown'd it.

The Dedington Blues,

Or, The R U M P Rumped.

YE Sons of Old Oxford be merry and sing,
 Let *Wenman* and *Dasbwood* in Echos still ring,
 And spread round the County this good piece of News,
 That the Rumpers were rump'd by the *Dedington*
Blues. *Sing Tantarara True Blue, &c.*

A Visit of Whigs Lady S— did decree,
 To a Town that was honest, and hearty, and free;
 Where, to shew its Regard to old Whigs and old S—
 The Rumpers were rump'd by the *Dedington Blues.*
Sing Tantarara &c.

On April the *first* it was ever a Rule,
 To send on an Errand the soft *April Fool*,
 But now for that purpose the *Second* we'll choose,
 When the Rumpers were rump'd by the *Dedington*
Blues. *Sing Tantarara, &c.*

Then *T—r* the steady, and *Tony* the Wise,
 Came laden with Promises, Speeches and Lies,
 The honest Freeholders in hopes to amuse;
 But the Rumpers were rump'd by the *Dedington Blues.*
Sing Tantarara, &c.

When first they march'd in they look'd valiant and stout,
 But seem'd mighty small before they march'd out;
 They seem'd mighty small—and how could they chuse,
 For these Rumpers were rump'd by the *Dedington*
Blues. *Sing Tantarara, &c.*

Sir E——d appear'd in a terrible Fright,
 Poor TONY as one that wou'd get nothing by't,
 And P——r like one that had nothing to lose,
 When the Rumpers were rump'd by the *Dedington*
Blues. *Sing Tantarara, &c.*

There sanctified Jonathan prick'd up his Ears,
 With Looks that betray'd his *Prodestinate* Fears,
 On a *Beef-Eaters* Place he did nothing but muse,
 Whilst the Rumpers were rump'd by the *Dedington*
Blues. *Sing Tantarara, &c.*

O Jonathan, Jonathan, govern thy Grief,
 The worst come to worst, you may eat *your own* Beef:
 Keep your Knife and your Steel; The Halbert refuse,
 Now the Rumpers are rump'd by the *Dedington Blues.*
Sing Tantarara knock down, knock down.

When a *Female* * you whipp'd in pretty dumb show,
 What Justice you painted twas easy to know;
 His *Worship* such Discipline knew how to use,
 Long before he was rump'd by the *Dedington Blues.*
Sing Tantarara Lash all, Lash all, &c.

'Twas right we must own when the Rump bung on A--se
 To flog it in shrewd emblematical Farce,
 A *Scourge* it deserves, and to give it its dues,
 It shall still be well jerk'd by the *Dedington Blues.*
Sing Tantarara whip Rump, whip Rump, &c.

* Alluding to a Piece of Mummery, exhibited (as it is said) for an Emblem of *Popery*; but which, from its more obvious Conformity to a late ever-memorable Transaction, was by a great Majority of the Spectators quite misapprehended.

Now join my brave Dedington Boys, in the Song,
 To Honour be true, and in Honesty strong,
 And still, tho' it crosses a Pensioners Views,
 May the Rumpers be rump'd by the *Dedington Blues*.
Sing Tantarara down Ramp, down Ramp, &c.

In full flowing Bumpers our Glasses we'll fill,
 And drink a good Health to our Friend *on the Hill*,†
 His Health in a Bumper let no one Refuse,
 For the Rumpers were rump'd by the *Dedington Blues*.
Sing Tantarara True Blue, True Blue, &c.

† *Aynboe on the Hill.*

The Chipping Norton Procession.

A F R A G M E N T.

THERE lately came a lousy Mob,
 Of Tag and Rag led on by Bob,
 Who rode before this hungry Crew,
 Which follow'd after Two by Two.
 It seem'd as if this grand Procession,
 Was meant to ape the Quarter Session,
 For marching slow, like sleepy Steers,
 A yoke of Justices appears.
 * So nicely match'd this worthy Pair,
 Bob show'd his Art, just to a Hair,
 For all the Grease of Butcher Brown,
 Could not exceed his brother's Gown.

* The two Bailiffs of *Chipping Norton*, Mr B——n a Butcher
 and the so much celebrated Mr D——k-y.

† Both winking Will, and saucy Jack,
 With Glysterpipe their bully hack,
 Were summon'd to compleat the Pack.
 Each Hat adorn'd with blue Cockade,
 For fear you should mistake their Trade;
 A Gibbet too precedes the Rout,
 To clear it up without a Doubt.
 When to the Royal Hart they came,
 In hobbled Bob's Majestick Frame,
 And there address'd the gaping crowd,
 With moving Tone, and Accents loud.

OLD INTEREST now, most worthy Friends,
 Unless we use our utmost Ends,
 By roguish Plots is torn afunder,
 And we must shortly truckle under;
 I weep to think that Church and King
 Should e'er receive so great a Sting:
 And oh! my Cousin Jemmy too,
 I'm choak'd with Tears—it will not do.
 Shall I, who sprang from Right divine,
 E'er live to see OLD INTEREST pine,
 And sink beneath its usual State?
 By all that's surely good and great,
 I'd spend my Brother's ill-got Wealth,
 And live by Rapin and by Stealth,
 Sooner than e'er at Rome 'twas told
 That there's an End of Int'rest Old.
 The gaping Crowd th' Infection took,
 And catch'd the Hero's very Look.
 At length steps forth bold Butcher Brown,
 And with a petrifying Frown
 Cries, Royal Sir, of princely Line,
 I'd sooner be stuck through the Chine,

† Three Heroes of Chipping-Norton.

Or

Or spill my Blood for Puddings black,
 Or lie upon a Bacon Rack;
 Or have my Pluck and Offal broil'd,
 And e'en my Tongue and Brains be boil'd.
 Says D-----ns, with a mighty Bounce,
 And I my griping Whore renounce,
 Before such Rascals shall succeed.
 Says D-----y, I'd renounce my Creed.

Desunt cetera.

The Kidlington Canvass: Or the Members in the Mud.

A Late Expedition permit me to tell,
 Of two little Frogs who to Oxen would swell;
 If I don't mention Names, it may be full as well.
Which nobody can deny.

A Parliamenteering these *Dandi-prats* went,
 And some of their Money was very ill spent;
 You'll hear by and by the dismal Event.
Which, &c.

By the Sound of a Horn of Ox, Bull, or Cow,
 Or whether a Cuckold's, I can't tell I vow,
 But Notice was given--They were come to Town now.
Which, &c.

Quick assembled the Mob,—*Freeholders* but few,
 To Smoak, Drink and Hollow, The *Interest New*,
 Tho' their Hearts at that Time were all for *True Blue*.
Which, &c.

The Barrels brought out, in Publick, I mean,
To drink *Lord* and *Neddy* on *Kiddlington* Green,
But such a Disaster sure never was seen.

Which, &c.

A poor Widow in Effigy fixed hard by,
Was flogg'd very sorely—Sir *Neddy* stood Nigh;
But tho' severely 'twas done, yet she did not once cry.

Which, &c.

When the *Healts* were begun to Sir *Ned* and my *Lord*,
The *Blues* rushed on not with Weapon or Sword;
But down with the *Rump*—Huzza was the Word.

Which, &c.

The *Messrs* and *Co.* soon were put to the Rout,
The Barrels both stav'd and the Ale run about,
From the Marshes these Frogs could not keep them-
selves out.

Which, &c.

The poor braying *Parson*, who ask'd for their Votes,
(Twas time that all Three had turned their Coats)
Was sunk in the Fens quite over his *Boots*.

Which, &c.

At last crawling out they got clear away,
And thought themselves Happy (especially *B—y*)
With fix'd Resolutions ne'er to go more that way.

Which, &c.

It now will be ask'd what this Whipping could mean?
Ask Sir *E—d*, as soon as he's got himself clean;
Or you'll know from the Widow, flogg'd at *Amersdeen*.

Which, &c.

From Facts you have heard these poor Candidates Fate,
From mean little *Elves* who fain would be great,
But at last to the *Mud* you'll find 'em retreat.

Which, &c.

Then my Brethren *Freeholders* my Counsel retain,
 With no View it is offer'd, but for your own Gain;
 For if *seekers* you choose,—They your Pockets will
 drain. *Which, &c.*

With money they'll tempt you,—and Falshoods impose,
 Swear aloud they will *serve* you, but when They are
chose.

They'll sell you at Court, and despise you as *Foes.*
Which, &c.

Let those who will vote for 'em never Complain,
 Of Taxes,—For Murmurs will then be in Vain;
 When thus Sold—You your Freedom can never regain;
Which nobody can deny.

A Tale of *Chaucer's* moderniz'd.

Nihilur in Vetitum.

A Famous Wight yclep'd Pimp *L—*
 When young was honest, just, and free,
 Scorning all private, selfish Ends,
 He lov'd his Country's real Friends,
 No heavy Bribe, nor hope of Lawn
 E'er made him stoop to cringe or fawn;
 Not fraudulent Flattery's guileful Tale,
 Nor threat'ning Power could e'er prevail;
 Honour's strict Laws he still obey'd,
 And Wisdom every Action sway'd:
 But Oh! sad Fate of human Kind,
 When private Views attack the Mind,

§ F

When

When Interest base, and fardid Pelf
 Conjoin their Troops with dearer Self;
 Then ev'ry generous Thought takes Wing,
 And Discord grates on every String :
 For now his Course being almost run,
 The fatal Thread of Life just spun,
 From Virtue's Paths, and flow'ry Ways,
 He, curst of Heav'n! unhaply strays ;
 His Breast nor Honour's Dictates warm,
 And patriot Thoughts no longer charm ;
 Where Bribery points he quick pursues,
 And glows with nought but selfish Views,
 Fawns on each Coxcomb daub'd with Lace,
 And talks and puns to please his Grace ;
 Exerts his Pen and Power on those,
 Who, being just, he thinks his Foes.—
 But hold, dear D——r, save your Trouble,
 Nor be a worthless-party's Bubble ;
 Tho' long with airy Notions led,
 The Mitre ne'er will grace your Head ;
 Tho' you your Aid to Nobles lend,
 And call some Lord or Duke your Friend,
 This Line regard, as true Fore-Knowledge,
You'll ne'er be more than HEAD of COLLEGE.

A SONG for the Freeholders
IN THE
NEW INTEREST.

To the Tune of the Free Mason's Song,

I.

COME let us prepare
Freeholders, that are
In the Mind to be circumcised;
The Time is at hand
When thro' all the Land
The Jews shall be naturalized.

II.

'Tis Interest New
That brings in the Jew,
And wills that all Things be excised;
Then with the Old down,
And Mitre and C——n,
So the Jews be but naturalized.

III.

No way to get Pelf
The Devil himself
More lucky yet ever devised;
The Jews made him roar,
And happy, he swore,
That his old Friends were naturalized.

IV.

Noll cry'd, with Grin on,
That since *Forty One*
Had never disfigur'd his wife Head,
"Old *England* farewell—"
"AMEN," echoed *Hell*,
May the *Jews* be all naturalized.

Da Capo.

THE

Bear at *Oxford* to the *Lion* at *Henley*.

To the *Tune* of *Green Brooms*.

YOUR Letter I had, Sir, wherein you did say,
That Sir Ed—d had drop'd his Preence,
And to W--n--n and D—sh—d had yielded the Day,
To save any further Expence,—*Expence*,
To save any further Expence.

And yet t'other Day, Sir, some Persons bespoke
A magnificent Dinner at me,
For twelve Lords, & a Duke, & a hundred fine Folk,
And among 'em were T—r and L—, and L—,
And among, &c.

As soon as the Guests at the Table were set,
There happen'd a wonderful Thing;
The Knight his own Words for his Dinner did eat,
And vow'd he had din'd like a King, a King,
And vow'd, &c.

Now,

Now, Sir, quoth the Priest, tho' you once did decline,
To stand you are certainly free;

'Twas for this the old Sinner came hither to dine,
Tho' he din'd, indeed, for Mister B—, *old B—*
'Tbo' he din'd, &c.

Then after some Speeches pathetic and fine,
By their Worships it soon was resolv'd,
A worthy young Lordling with T—r should join;
Since he by his Priest was absolv'd, *absolv'd,*
Since he by, &c.

The Candidates bow'd, and together went out,
Attended by good Master B—y;
But at every Corner they met a Salute,
A W—n and D—d, *huzza! huzza!*
A W—n, &c.

The Angel, the Cross, all the Signs in the Town,
The Star only excepted, and me
Are for W—n and D—d 'tis very well known;
All these are bad Signs, quoth old L—, *old L—*
All these, &c.

I heard a Lord say that there is in the Heav'n
The Sign of the Bear. And if so,
They had better go there when their next Treat is
giv'n,
For they ne'er will be chosen below, *below,*
For they ne'er, &c.

The

The Truest Blue that never Stains.

Come each raise your Voice ye brave honest Boys,
Who true are to GEORGE and the Nation,
Who never pretend the King to Be-friend
With secret and sly Reservation,
With secret and sly Reservation.

You, Sirs, are too wise, not highly to prize
Those Blessings which flow from his Reign,
Who true to the Laws and Protestant Cause,
Is studious our Rights to maintain.

Is studious, &c.

Let Zeal then take Wing to serve such a King;
Even Oxford contend for her Right:
That thus all Mankind who've thought you long blind,
May perceive that at last you have Sight,
May perceive, &c.

Some Men will, its true, of Old Interest tell you,
But that, Sirs, is only a Trick;
Nor can I divine what Interest they mean,
Unless it be that of Old Nick.

Unless it be that, &c.

But, Britons, be wise, old Errors despise,
To no Cause adhere, when not right;
Let only your Foes be found amongst those,
Who Darknes love rather than Light,
Who Darknes, &c.

The Isra'lites of old, as by Moses we're told,
Their Freedom did scarcely regain;
Er'e some of that Race so void were of Grace,
That they wish'd for old Egypt again.
That they, &c.

Thus

Thus is it too true of Britons not few,
 Tho' blest with what shou'd be most dear;
 They long for a Yoke (by brave Nassau broke)
 Which they nor their Fathers could bear.

Which they nor, &c.

But while thus our Foes their Frenzy disclose,
 In wishing for Bondage again;
 Let us be so wise, as our Freedom to prize,
 And rejoice in great George's mild Reign,
 And rejoice in great, &c.

Nor let us forget at Oxford who met,
 (When the Rebels invaded the Nation);
 Nor who did decline with them then to join
 In so seasonable an Association.

In so seasonable, &c.

A N

A D D R E S S

To the *Oxfordshire* FREEHOLDERS.

— *Te, Turne, nefas, te triste manebit
 Supplicium: votisque Deos venerabere seris.*

Virg. *Æn. Lib. 7.*

Parcarumque dies, et vis inimica propinquat.

Lib. 12:

TO the good Gentry, and sound Teachers,
 (The faithful *Church of England* Preachers)
 And all Freeholders else in general,
 With common Sense indu'd who Men are all,
 And

And who, to *Oxfordshire* belonging,
Their Country dear are not for wronging.

Permit me, Gentlemen, (*God bless you!*)
In a few honest Line t'address ye.
Homely you'll think 'em, I'm afraid,
And that I want the Muses Aid,
But, be it so; — I scorn to quibble,
And Wrath compels me, Sirs, to scribble.

The *Evening Post* has set to view,
In Papers more than one, or two,
The paultry, mean Equivocation,
And subtle, mental Reservation
Of that notorious *Tommy Dingle*,
Sir—(what's his name) *Sir Simon SINGLE*;
Who whilom promis'd in a Letter,
Such as it was,—or worse or better,
(How did all Honest Men the Thing wish)
That he the *Contest* would relinquish.
He made indeed no *Affidavit*;
Under his Hand he Only gave it:
And, tho' o'th' human Frame a Part,
The Hand, howe'er, is not the Heart.*

* ——— Salunique vocari
Testator, solum posci in certamina Turnum.
Virg. Æn. Lib. xi.

† Haud tamen audaci Turno fiducia cessit. *Lib. x.*

• Multa simul contra variis sententia dictis
Pro Turno. ——— *Lib. xi.*
Both

Both *Hand* and *Tongue* too of a *C—rt—*
 Confounded Crafty by Report are.
 Should he e'en give his *Word of Honour*,
 You'd have small Cause to thank the Donor,
 Who fain well-meaning Men would chowse,
 And *slily sneak* into the *H—se*.

But Sirs! the *SINGLE-Ten* just mention'd,
 Quite longing to be—*plac'd*, or *p—ns—n'd*,
 Has got a *Lordly Limb* to struggle,
 And *join* him in the gen'rous *fuggle*;—
 A *Trick!* — that all good Men detest:
 In Troth! it's quite above a *jest*.
 And now, forsooth! they both beg Leave, you
 Will kindly suff'r 'em to — deceive you.
 They talk of their *Attachment steady*—
 To what? — perchance, the *Rhino Ready*;

‘ Haud aliter retrò dubius *Turnus*
 Improperata refert. — — — Lib. ix.

‘ — — — Quid jam, *Turne*, retractas?
 Non cursu, sævis certandum est cominus armis.
 Verte omnes tete in facies; et contrahe quicquid
 Sive animis, sive arte vales. — — — Lib. xii.

‘ Cingitur ipse furens certatim in prælia *Turnus*. Lib. xi.

‘ — — — medio dux agmine *Turnus*
 Vertitur arma tenens. — — — Lib. ix.

‘ Nec *Turnum* segnis retinet mora, sed rapit acer.
 Totam aciem in *Teucros*. — — — Lib. x.

‘ Dirum execrantur bellum, *Turnique hymenæos*. Lib. xi.

‘ Jam sole infuso, jam rebus luce reiectis,
Turnus in arma viros, armis circumdatus ipse
 Suscitât, æratæque acies in prælia cogit
 Quisque suas, varijsque acuunt rumoribus iras. Lib. ix.

Our happy Constitution present,
 And, will be true to Prince and Peasant;
 Preserve our Liberties and Rights, —
 As well as — other wily Wights;
 Shew vast Regard for Oxford County; —
 Or, at the least, — Old Harry's Bounty.

Good Lord! — there sure can be no Harm in
 A Promise ev'ry Way so charming.
 How Loyal are become, of late,
 Rank Whigs! — O wondrous Turn of Fate!
 Such Friends! — so uncorrupt and pure! —
 Our Freedom finely will secure;
 And our Religion well maintain:
 Unless — their Godliness be Gain,
 Members so sound can ne'er make sick —
 (Can they?) — the Body Politick.

Ah! yes! — The Word of God avers,
 Man's Heart is most deceitful, Sirs.
 Men's Words are in Appearance specious;
 And yet their Works prove none so precious.
 Grand Promises some People make;
 Yet, in the Grass, may lurk a Snake.
 Wool-wearing Wolves, with mock-Sheep Feature
 May change their Name, but not their Nature.

Mind then good Sirs! a Patriot Bard:
 For God's sake! be upon your Guard.
 Keep such rude Creatures at a Distance,
 Whose Darling-Doctrine is Resistance,
 Who've ever prov'd, unto this Hour,
 The worst of Tyrants, when in Power.

Shun, I beseech you, such *false Brethren*,
 As only wou'd their *Nest be feath'ring*,
 Who, fond of each *dissenting Sect*,
 The Name of *Mod'rate Men* affect,
 'Gainst *Pop'ry bawl*, the *Church* abuse,
 Their own *Religion* have to chuse,
P-lb-m implicitly obey,
 Upon a *plunder'd Kingdom* prey,
 And thus serve God, — *in their own Way*.

But, — if you'd serve the Lord in Deed, —
 Wou'd have the Land from *Slav'ry* freed, —
 The Weight wou'd lessen of our *Taxes*,
 Which heavier still, and heavier waxes;
 If e'er before your Eyes you set
 A *National*, enormous *Debt*, —
 If an huge, sturdy *standing Army*,
 No longer ye wou'd have to harm ye;
 Or, if the *Mitre* and the *Crown*
 You'd hand to future Ages down:
 In short, dear Gentlemen! if you,
 In Manner right, and Season due,
 Foul, sinister Designs fain *quash* wou'd,
 Or, save your *Conscience* and your *Cash* wou'd;
 Then, — *Vote for* — WENMAN, Sirs, and DASH-
 WOOD.

¹ *Turne*, tot incassum suos patiēre labores?

Lib. vii.

^m — *Turno*, quācunque viam virtute petivit,
 Successum Dea Dira negat. —

Lib. xii.

In fine,—for Heaven's sake, sweet Sirs!
When Opportunity occurs,
Preserve your COUNTRY, if you can.

Yours,

A True Church of England Man.

March 3,

1753.

P. S.

Pardon this poor, rough, Rhyming Letter:
E'er long, perchance, you'll see a better.

— *Veluti in speculo.*

THE following Paper, which upon perusal will appear to have been written by a *True Blue Parson*, was pick'd up near *Will's Coffee-House* in this City, the latter End of *April* last; and as the Author of it thought his Actions of Consequence enough to be committed to writing, it is presumed the making them public cannot fail of being agreeable to him.

A Week's JOURNAL.

MONDAY.

Rose early.—Determined to begin the Week with Business.—Went out and shot a Whig Hare;

Hare; — Invited our Friends to eat her at *Will's*;—where it being resolved over a Bowl of Punch that the Church was in Danger, we unanimously got drunk in it's Defence.

T U E S D A Y.

Got up late, — Found my Head aching and stupid, — So determined to pursue my Studies; — Read *Carte's* excellent Dissertation on the *King's Evil*, — *Carte's* a good Politician. — My Afternoon's Nap interrupted by an Invitation from Mr. *Rowney* to a Dinner at the *Flower de Luce* To-morrow. — Put in a good Humour. — Took a Vomit by Way of Preparation, — went to Bed early, — and dreamt that I was touched by Queen *Anne*.

W E D N E S D A Y.

Got up in great Spirits; — Drunk Mr. *Rowney's* Health with our Butler; — Put off my Pupils, and secured *Jack Wildgoose*. — Put on my best *Blue*, and din'd at Two o'Clock. — Mr. *R* — y said *He* had thrown out the Naturalization Bill, and would not let the King tax the Nation. — Mr. *Rowney* a great Man! — Punch strong, — Good Wine, — *Wenman* and *Dashwood* for ever. — No Placemen. — No Rumpers.

T H U R S -

THURSDAY.

Try'd my Hand this Morning at a Song on
 Lady S—f—n.——Lady S—f—n a Witch.——
 Cou'd not find a Rhyme to *Broomstick*.——Went
 into the Common Room,——Endeavour'd to
 bring *Tom Guttle* over,——Told him as much
 as I could remember of the Dinner.——
Tom wish'd he had been there;——Great hopes
 of him,——Lit my Pipe with the *Electing*
Journal;——Took up Mr. *Locke*——A bad Politi-
 cian;——Fell asleep over him.

FRIDAY.

Lectured my Pupils in *Filmer* to secure their
 Principles;——Transcribed the last Page of my
 Sermon out of *Atterbury*.——*Atterbury* a good
 Churchman.——Went to *Will's* and got drunk
 with the Poetry P—f—f—r.——The Poetry
 P—f—f—r a great Scholar, and a merry little
 Gentleman.——Much oblig'd to Mr. *Fortnam*
 for taking Care of me home.

SATURDAY.

Finished my Song, and carried it to Sir
James.——Sir *James* keeps a good Table, and
 pays a proper Respect to the Clergy;——They are
 always welcome at *Kirtleton*. N. B. At part-
 ing Sir J. said he had some good Things in his
Disposal, and asked me if I understood Italian.

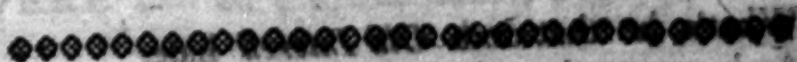
Dreamt

Dreamt to Night, I smoked a Pipe in the Vati-
can with the Cardinal of York.

SUNDAY.

Wak'd at Seven.—Surpriz'd to find my-
self upon *Kiddleton Green*.—Rode home hard
to preach at *St. Mary's*;—My Voice husky;—
Went to my Room;—Read three Verses of
Beza's Latin Testament.—Mem. *Greek a*
hard Language.—Sunday a dull Day;—The
Great Archbishop allowed Sports and Pastimes
on a Sunday;—No harm in and innocent
Game at Bowls. — Mem. *I had rather be a*
Papist than a Presbyterian.

II



EPIGRAM.

March 1, 1753.

To the Rev. * * * * * of Jesus Coll.

IF you're a true *Briton*, Sir, how can you tease me,
To vote for Lord *M*—d just at this Season?
The Country's Destruction he certainly seeks,
Who brings on *St. David* before there are *Leeks*.

The

The R O U N D - H E A D

R E V I V E D.

I.

WH O's that on Dapple there appears,
 With ample Band and huge *long Ears*,
 But now looks quite confounded;
 With solemn Twang who tunes his Nose,
 The *Good Old Cause* revives in Prose,—
O ! such a Rogue's a Round-head.

II.

What's he that doth *Old Interest* hate,
 And counts the *True-Blues* reprobate,
 For *England's Good* propounded;
 Who ought to own the *Cobler* better,
 And to take Care of Souls the fitter
Than such a Rogue and Round-head.

III.

What's he that, if he chance to hear
Wenman and *Dashwood* rend the Air,
 Doth think his Conscience wounded;
 Who goes five Miles to preach and pray,
 And meet a Sister by the Way—
O ! such a Rogue's a Round-head.

IV.

What's he that met an Holy Sister,
 And in the Green-wood kindly kiss'd her;
(O! then his Zeal abounded)
 Who us'd, beneath a sturdy Oak,
 (As Saints before have done) the Cloak,
And there begot a Round-Head?

A HEALTH

For **TRUE BLUES.**

HERE's to all the true honest Freeholders
 among us,
 Here's to those that will chuse Men who never
 will wrong us,
 But firm to their Country's Good will be;
 Who ne'er by base Pretensions
 Will change for Place or Pensions;
 Who scorn as degrading,
 The dirty Turner's trading;
 Such thro' the Shire
 We'll roar it far and near,
 Are a Wenman and Dashwood for ever.

S H

T H E

THE

Jolly Knight's Declaration

To his Constituents.

I.

FREEHOLDERS, draw near,
With attention give ear
To my most profound Declaration;
It may do you some Good,
Though I'm not understood
By twenty wise Men in the Nation.

II.

The High Church's Pow'r
Has to this very Hour
Been of all my caballing the true End;
But should you refuse me,
And your M—ber not chuse me,
The Cause will be certainly ruin'd.

III.

I am sworn to the Church
Both to People and Porch,
And I'm fond of the Name of High-Flyer;
I have shewn my good Will
Against the Jews Bill,
Which has set the whole Nation on Fire.

IV.

I oppos'd every Tax,
 And join'd with the *Jacks*,
 And was fond, Sirs, of *Jure-divino*;
 But with what intent,
 Or what 'twas I meant,
 That's a Thing neither you know nor I know.

V.

My Learning t' advance,
 I travell'd to France,
 From *Paris* quite down to *Toulon*;
 Where they make People pray
 The Government Way,
 And convert them *à mode de Dragon*.

VI.

Before I came home,
 I travell'd to *Rome*,
 And receiv'd the infallible Blessing;
 I ne'er scrupled to bow
 To the Slipper or Toe,
 And bestow'd a true Protestant Kissing.

VII.

Then do all ye can,
 And vote to a Man
 For myself and my Brother, the Peer;
 Much Money we've paid,
 And more Promises made
 Of fine Things we'll do next seven Year.

VIII.

That I hate ev'ry Jew,
 Believe I speak true,
 Nor shall they be naturalized;
 For them if I vote,
 Or e'er turn my Coat,
 I myself will be first circumcised.

A NEW SONG:

O R,

An Invitation to the Litchfield Blues.

YE honest *Blues of Litchfield*,
 Come away to the *Oxford Races*;
 Our hate let us shew
 To the dirty Crew,
 That follow the Court for Places.

II.

Come away to the *Oxford Races*,
 And give your Friends the Greeting;
 The *Turn-Coats* must yield,
 And quit the Field;
 At the Sight of a *True Blue Meeting*.

THO' M——GH's Duke should swagger,
And the Knight should fall in Passion;
We never will chuse
A Friend to *Jews*,
Or the *Jewish* Naturalization.

IV.
Then haste to the OXFORD Races,
Ye Honest Men, and True Men;
And let not a *Green*
On the Field be seen,
But nothing else but *Blue-Men*.

V.
And if the *Greens* be saucy,
And dare to make a Mobbing;
They shall meet a Rebuke
Like B——D's Duke,
When at *Litchfield* he felt a *Drubbing*.

CHORUS.
Then haste to the OXFORD Races,
Ye honest Men, and True Men;
And let not a *Green*
On the Field be seen,
But nothing else but *Blue-Men*.

ANOTHER

Another NEW SONG,
Or an Answer to the *Invitation*, &c.

I.
WHY, let the *Blues* of LITCHFIELD
Come away to the *Oxford Races*; —
If after their Tricks
In *Forty Six*,
They dare to shew their Faces.

II.
Let them come to the *Oxford Races*,
And join their Birds of a Feather;
Let *Blue* meet *Blue*,
(A rebellious Crew,)
And at *Oxford* flock together.

III.
Tho' Sir 'gainst the Jew Bill divided,
And Viscount hates declining;
We ne'er will vote
For a Protestant Coat
With Popery in the Lining.

IV.
Then haste to the *Oxford Races*,
To shew your HONEST Meaning;
Let the J—bites be clad
In their Waistcoats of *Plaid*,
And their *True-blue* Coats be seen in.

But should the fat Knight swagger
In True-Blue Regimental,
Let him think on the Sword
Of gallant *H—e*,
And the Cudgel of old *L—ll*.

C H O R U S.

Then haste to Oxford Races,
To shew your HONEST Meaning;
Let the *J—bites* be clad
In their Waistcoats of Plaid,
And their True-Blue Coats be seen in,

T O T H E

Honest Electors of OXFORDSHIRE.

A New CHRISTIAN Ballad.

OLD Oxfordshire, shew yourself now as of Old,
And let not your Property be bought or sold;
Vote for *Wenman*, the honest, the brave, and the true,
And despise every Man that would favour a Jew.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

As to *Dashwood*, you know him right trusty, and brave,
For Places or Pensions would ne'er be a Slave;
And for twenty long Years he has prov'd himself true,
And despises the Man that would favour a Jew.

Derry down, &c.

Consider, my Friends, what a monstrous Evil,
To turn out our Saviour, and Vote for the Devil!
And that this is the Case, you must all know it true,
Of every Man that would favour a JEW.

Derry down, &c.

Let there not be a JEW at your Bottle or Board,
Leave them for the B——ps, his G——, or my L——d;
They will feast them with Place, and with Salary too,
But turn out all Men that will favour a JEW.

Derry down, &c.

'Tis the *Rump* that has rais'd them; O fie, *England*, fie!
To suffer your Bottom to rise up so high;
Now mark what I say, and you'll find it all true,
First down with the *Rump*, and then down goes the JEW.

Derry down, &c.

Don't stay to be ask'd, if give *Wenman* your Voice,
Approve yourselves *Christians* by *Dashwood's* free Choice;
For they, by Experience you find, dare be true,
And despise every Man that would favour a JEW.

Derry down, &c.

Old England! Old Interest! Christianity for Ever. Huzza.

APPENDIX.

HUE AND CRY

AFTER THE GREENS.

I.

PRAY lend me an Ear, ye *Blues* that are here,
Who are Proof against Stain and Infection;
No *Gold Men and Green* on the Meadow are seen;
Just so 'twill be at the Election.

II.

Is't for Shame or for Fear they all disappear?
Has any Misfortune beset 'em?
If absent thro' Pride, we their *Folly* deride,
And a Fig for their *Spleen*, let me tell 'em.

III.

I pity poor K—k, One always at Beck,
 You have heard, I suppose, who witholds him :
 The Ladies, those Witches, steal our Hearts with our
 Breeches,
 And S--f--n to Boot daily scolds him.

IV.

This can't be the Case howe'er of his Grace ;
 To be absent sure ! no one durst tell him ;
 Perhaps some Restraint may be his Complaint
 From B—d—d, from Gideon, or P—l—m.

V.

Lord P—r—r we know is all over Woe,
 His *Coat* and his *Mind* are both sable :
 For *Mammy* his Cries have put out his Eyes ;
 To find his Way blind he's not able.

VI.

Sir Ned us'd to come ; but now stays at Home ;
 I suppose some *Virago* he's whipping ;
 The Flogger's his Name—but greater's his Shame
 From the *Blues* to the *Greens* to be skipping.

VII.

I thought I might swear that H—d had been here,
 At the *Cocking* at least,—if not *Racing* :
 Even L—ll at last that Giant aghast
 Has renounc'd it, I find, as disgracing.
 With

VIII.

With Servants dress'd clean oft' here have I seen
 'Squire R—dge,—(now restrain'd by the Dirty)
 So shallow in Sense that he makes no Pretence
 To play e'en the Game One and Thirty.

IX.

But what can you say for poor Tommy B——?
 Oh dear! he's at Law with a Whore, Sir:
 What He that rides *Grey*? At Law do you say?
 Why, did you not hear it before, Sir?

X.

Yon's a Spy dress'd in *Blue*, quite faded, 'tis true,
True Blue such a R—gue would not cover;
 For as Men by the Eye the Woodcock descry,
 So his Lurching-dog-looks him discover.

XI.

On Poney quite black, rides this *Clyster-pipe Quack*,
 Round the Coaches he's squinting and leering:
 As p——ning's his Trade, so he hopes to be made
 A *something* by Lying and Swearing.

XII.

To our Country most true, in *Silver* and *Blue*,
 See our Friends, who will always defend it,
 Those absent in *Green* are ashamed to be seen,
 Who *Members* would be but to spend it.

Nor

XIII.

No M——ter's Slave our Votes shall e'er have,
 Nor who with false Promises cheat us;
 They truly are Friends who seek no bad Ends,
 Men who *serve* us are Men who best *treat* us.

XIV.

Be this then our Song all Day and Night long;
 May the Man from the *Blues* who durst sever,
 Be hang'd as he ought in his Gold and Green Coat:
 We'll have *Wemman* and *Dashwood* for ever.

THE END.

